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who know with what wonderful rapidity intelligence travels among the natives; not till then does the trader repair to his rendezvous. In a day or two a fast boat, with the captain or supercargo of the slaves meets him: all is arranged—time, places of call, the number to be shipped, and so forth—and the captain returns to his vessel that has been securely moored in a hidden mangrove creek, in some place not marked on any chart. On the appointed day every precaution is taken to see that the coast is clear. The schooner hauls out with the aid of canoes, and she starts for her destination. Sometimes there is an alarm, then she is again hid; but if not, she lays off the appointed bay or river, and the collected negroes are shipped at once in boats, canoes, cutters, and sometimes even in boats of merchant ships, and with the morning land-breeze she soon leaves the coast behind. Formerly slaves ran direct for the river they were going to ship in; now they wait in one river and ship anywhere, the slaves being collected and sent down to them. The gentleman slave-dealer sees the white sails slipping below the distant horizon, gets into his boat and returns to Sierra Leone, starts for Teneriffe by the English mail-steamer, and brags on the way that “he does more to civilise Africa than all the wealth of Britain.” The misery and sickness amongst the crews of slavers makes it wonderful to me how they manage to get men to man them.

There is evidently a movement going on, tending to break up the slavery system as carried on among the natives themselves. This is totally unconnected in any way with either our colonies or our missionaries, nor is it to be attributed to any British or foreign influence. There are two small districts, one inland at the back of the Baga country, near the head of the Dobreeka River, and another nearer the sea, about six hours' march from Canyap, on the south or left bank of the Nunez, where a number of runaway slaves hold out against their former masters. The last-mentioned place is called Cuba-ti-fing, a town founded 14 years ago by a body of slaves, said to have escaped from the Foulah country. It has greatly increased of late, and they are said to be able to bring 1000 fighting men into the field. The head man belongs to the Bambara country, and his name is Farer; it is curious that in speaking of him in English the natives never style him king, chief, or head man, but always governor. The town was attacked last year by the Foulahs, assisted by the Zoozoo chiefs, but they were beaten off with great loss. My informants told me that the people of Cuba-ti-fing worked very hard, had plenty to eat, but great difficulty in obtaining arms and ammunition; that any runaway slaves were gladly received and had land given to them; but still it seemed to be admitted that some of the head men would buy slaves if they could. It was said they would not sell them, but I doubt that part of the story.

5.—*Letter from M. Gérard Rohlfs.*

Since the last letter which we published from this intrepid traveller, he has undertaken another journey across the Sahara, starting from Tripoli. In his last journey he entered from Morocco, crossing the Atlas, and reaching the oases of Tuat and Tidikelt; returning by a north-east route to Ghadames and Tripoli. It appears now to be his intention to traverse the eastern side of the great desert, and endeavour to reach Waday, to recover, if possible, the papers of the unfortunate Vogel. In aid of this new expedition the Royal Geographical Society has granted M. Rohlfs 100*l*. A considerable sum has also been subscribed in Germany towards his expenses.

“SIR,

“Murzuk, 28th November, 1865.

“I have the honour to inform you of my arrival in Fesan, having reached here by way of Garia Ischergia, Bu Gila, Schati, and Sebha. Continually

tormented by the most frightful heat, we were 28 days on the road from Misda to Murzuk. The most interesting result of my journey, so far, is the measurement of the Djebel Shoda, south of Sokna, which stretches considerably towards the w., and attains its greatest altitude in about $14^{\circ} 20'$ E. of Greenwich, in Djebel Nabet es Djug. Although my aneroid stands 100 millimètres higher than those of other travellers (according to the reductions made on Petermann's maps), it yet showed the remarkable altitude, for the valley, of more than 1800 feet. Ascending one of the nearest hills, which is at least 650 feet lower than the Nabet es Djug, I found my barometer down to 680 millimètres, giving an absolute height of 2988 feet. The Nabet es Djug may therefore be a little higher than 3600 feet. I have secured several specimens of rocks. The mountain mass consists principally of coarse-grained sandstone, blackened on the surface. In this mountain range, broken by numerous narrow valleys or gullies, the Megarha and Hottmann tribes pasture their herds, and a rich vegetation furnishes food for camels. In Murzuk I have found (thanks to the firman procured for me by the Prussian Embassy at Constantinople) a good reception, and intend shortly to take my departure. What route I shall follow I cannot at present say, as I am yet in treaty with the persons who are to forward me. I think I shall be able to reach Wara, a frontier place of Waday, by way of Tibesti and Borgu, where I shall be well received, and hope to carry out my design of reaching the Sultan, and recovering the papers of Vogel and Beurmann, which are of so much scientific value.

"I shall inform the Royal Geographical Society of the route I eventually fix upon before I leave Murzuk.

"GÉRHARD ROHLFS."